SCOTTISH
HUMOUR

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MR. PUNCH'S SCOTTISH HUMOUR

"BACKSLIDING"

The Minister (*reproachfully*). "Ah, James! I'm sorry to see this! I thought you were a steadfast teetotaller!"

James. "Sho I am, sir. But I'm no a bigoted ane!"

MR. PUNCH'S SCOTTISH HUMOUR

WITH 132 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

CHARLES KEENE, GEORGE DU MAURIER, W. RALSTON, A. S. BOYD, PHIL MAY, E. T. REED, HARRY FURNISS, J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, JAMES GREIG, L. RAVEN-HILL, G. D. ARMOUR, AND OTHERS

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ON THE WARPATH
BOOK OF LOVE
WITH THE CHILDREN

"N.B."

An English friend of ours called many years ago at Inverness Post Office for some letters awaiting him there. They were addressed to the Poste Restante, "Inverness, N.B." In handing him the letters, an elderly lady who then graced the postal staff remarked: "You micht tell your freen's that 'N.B.' is quite superfluous. Hoo wad they like us to write 'London, S.B.'? *And we don't think that muckle o' London up here.*" Now, whether we use "N.B." as meaning "North Britain," or "Nota Bene," we shall leave you to guess!

Unless we are mistaken, we have seen more than once in English papers a suggestion that the Scots are a race devoid of humour. "He joked wi' deeficulty" is, we believe, a reference to a Scotsman. "A surgical——." But no, we shall not repeat *that!* Oddly enough, the pages of Mr. Punch, true mirror of our national characteristics, yield an abundant harvest of Scottish humour. Have we not already in this same series made merry with "Mr. Punch in the Highlands"? And we are now to laugh with him again at this banquet of Scottish humour, which by no means exhausts his store. We have already heard that some seventy-five per cent. of the jokes appearing in *Punch* contributed by those not on the permanent staff come from Scotsmen; so it is a reasonable assumption that the bulk of the anecdotes in the present collection have originated north of the border, even when they tell against the Scot; for it is not the least of his good points that Sandy is able

to appreciate a story that does not present him in the most favourable light. No humour in Scotland! Here is MR. PUNCH's reply!

Let this be noted by the Southerner: there is much confusion as to the Highlander and the Lowlander. Here is not the place, even did space allow, to attempt a definition of the difference between the two races which Sir Walter Scott typifies in Rob Roy and in Bailie Nicol Jarvie. In "Mr. Punch in the Highlands" we have something of the humour of the one; here we have a good deal of the humour of the other.

Of course a portion of the present book would be properly described as "the Scot through English glasses," and in this respect it is none the less valuable, being the next best thing to that for which Burns sighed—

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursel's as others see us!
> It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion."

MR. PUNCH has striven to leave the Scot with no illusions as to the characteristics he presents to his fellow Britons. We may gather from these pages that MR. PUNCH, as spokesman for John Bull, has detected in Sandy an occasional affection for that whisky which he produces so industriously —and chiefly for English consumption—and that he has noted in him a certain inclination "to keep the Sabbath day—and everything else he can lay his hands on." Who shall say that MR. PUNCH has been mistaken? But we are not here to moralise; mirth is our motive; and if the fun be good—as none will deny who fingers these pages—enough is said.

This, at least, we may add: No artist who has ever been on MR. PUNCH's staff has made anything like so much of the dry, pawky humour that obtains north of the Tweed as did Charles Keene. More than fifty per cent. of MR. PUNCH's illustrations of Scottish humour come from his pencil; and he is ahead of his confrères not only in quantity but in quality —none of them has beaten him in the pictorial representation of Scottish character. The shrewd, dour faces of some of his Scotsmen are inimitable.

MR. PUNCH'S SCOTTISH HUMOUR

MAXIM FOR YOUNG SCOTSMEN WHO ARE FOND OF DANCING.—"Youth must have its fling."

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.—Being served with a glass of Bass when you called for old Edinburgh.

MOTTO FOR HIGHLAND PIPERS.—"Blow Gentle, Gaels."

"BREACHES OF DECORUM."—A Highlander's trousers.

CONFESSION OF A WHISKEY DRINKER.—"Scotland, with all thy faults, I love thy still."

"AS ITHERS SEE US"

["He is a Scotsman and therefore fundamentally inept."—*The Tiger.*]

Ah, baist nae mair the bard o' Ayr
That whiles was Scotland's glory,
An' dinna rave o' Bruce the brave
An' Bannockburn sae gory;
But greet yer lane an' mak' yer maen
That ye are ca'd a Scoatsman—
There's naught but scorn for him that's born
'Twixt Tweed an' John-o'-Groat's, man.

Nae poo'er hae we a joke tae see—
Ye ken the auld, auld rumour;
We canna taste the flavour chaste
That marks the Cockney humour;
'Tis owre refined for oor dull mind,
Though greeted wi' guffaws, man,
By cultured wits that thrang the pits
O' Surrey music ha's, man.

Oor manners, tae!—my heart is wae
When I compare the races,
Contrastin' oor behaviour dour
Wi' English airs an' graces.
We Scots maun hide oor humbled pride
An' greet in sorrow dumb, man—
We canna baist the perfect taste
An' canny tact o' Brum, man.

CANDID

Tam (*very dry, at door of country inn, Sunday morning*). "Aye, man, ye micht gie me a bit gill oot in a bottle!"

Landlord (*from within*). "Weel, ye ken, Tammas, I daurna sell onything the day. And forbye ye got a half-mutchkin awa' wi' ye last nicht (after hoors tae); it canna be a' dune yet!"

Tam. "Dune! Losh, man, d'ye think I could sleep an' whusky i' the hoose?!"

An' oh ! ye ken, as beesness men,
In dealin' wi' an order,
We aye maun find oorsels behind
Oor brithers owre the Border.
We vie in vain wi' English brain;
Hoo can we mak' a haul, man,
Until we start tae lairn the art
That's practised in the Mall, man?

"A NICHT WI' BURNS"

GOOD NAME FOR A SCOTS POLICEMAN.—Macnab.

STANDING ON HIS DIGNITY

Shipping Agent. "Are you a mechanic?"
Intending Emigrant (justly indignant). "*No!*—I'm a Macpherson!"

OLD SCOTS SLANG.—In an old Scots Act of Parliament "anent the punishment of drunkards" a clause adjudges all persons "convict" of drunkenness, or tavern-haunting, "for the first fault" to a fine of £3, "or in case of inability or refusal, to be put in jogges or jayle for the space of six hours." What was "jogges," as distinguished from "jayle"? Possibly a somewhat milder place of detention for the rather, than that appointed for the very, drunken. If so, "jogges," in the lapse of time, we may suppose, having lost its distinctive sense, came to be regarded as simply a synonym of "jayle," and, as such, now passes current in

ILLUSIONS!

McStaggert (on his way home, having jumped over the shadows of the lamp-posts, &c., brought up by that of the kirk steeple). "E——h!" (*Pauses.*) "Ne' mind! 'Sh no help for it." (*Pulls up his pants.*) "Shall have to wade thish!"

the People's English (not to say the Queen's) abbreviated into the contraction "jug." Thus imprisonment for a state of too much beer might be described as jug for jug.

LINES BY A SCOTSMAN

(On reading that an Act of the Australian Legislature against the Growth of Thistles received the Royal Assent)

WHAT's this? Forbid the growth o' thristles,
Auld Scotia's cherished symbol-flower—
The hair upon ma head it bristles,
At sic an awfu' waste o' power!

'Tis idle wark, as time will show,
To root the bonny plant frae ground;
For Nature still gars thristles grow
Where canny Scots are to be found.

What soil so puir but it can keep
A thristle green amang its stanes?
What land so bare a Scotsman deep
Canna pick something aff its banes?

As weel keep bees frae honey-pots,
Keep cats frae cream, or bairns frae tarts,
As thristles and their brither Scots
Frae lands whaur goud is found i' quartz.

WELL TURNED

Minister (*reproachfully, to bibulous village barber with shaking hand*). "Ah, John, John! That whisky——"!

Barber (*condolently*). "Aye, sir, it mak's the skin unco tender!"

"AU PIED DE LA LETTRE"

Free-Kirk Minister (*to his "Elder"*). "John, I should like you to intimate that on Monday next I propose paying pastoral visits in the High and North Streets, in which I also hope to embrace all the servant girls of the congregation in that district!"

His Wife (*whom he'd lately married from the South*). "You shall do nothing of the kind, sir! Let me see you dare to——!" [*Goes into hysterics!*

GEOGRAPHICAL. — *Examiner* (*to Scots boy in Free School*). Where is the village of Drum?

Scots Boy (*readily*). In the county of Fife.

[*Prize given.*

STOP HIM! — A Scots gentleman puts the postage stamps wrong way up on his letters, and calls it, with a tender feeling,—Turning a penny!

Hungry Visitor (*ignorant of the nature of this particular delicacy*). "Ah, Donal, mon, we ken weel hae the rabbit for saxpence. We ken get twa bawbees fur the skeen when we get back to Glasgow!"

SEASONABLE WEATHER IN SCOTLAND.—(*Edinburgh, New Year's Day.*) *Sandy.* There's mair snaw this new year than I've seen for mony a day; it's by ord'nar.

Jock. Ay, but it's vera saisonable wather.

Sandy. Deed, ye may say that, Jock,—fine saft fa'in for the fou folk.

CURLING ON THE ICE IN SCOTLAND.

HIGHLY CONSIDERATE

Little Smithkin (*debonairly*). "Object to smoking?"
North Briton. "Nae in the least, if it does na' mak' ye seek!" [*As Little S. said, he "cut the old cad for the rest of the journey."*

THE LUNNON TWANG

I've heard a Frenchman wag his tongue
Wi' unco din an' rattle,
An', 'faith, my vera lugs hae sung
Wi' listenin' tae his prattle;
But French is no the worst of a'
In point o' noise an' clang, man;
There's ane that beats it far awa',
And that's the Lunnon twang, man.

You wadna think, within this land,
That folk could talk sae queerly,
But, sure as death, tae understand
The callants beats me fairly.
An', 'faith, 'tis little gude their schules
Can teach them, as ye'll see, man,
For—wad ye credit it?—the fules
Can scarcely follow *me*, man.

An' yet, tae gie the deils their due,
(An' little praise they 're worth, man,)
They seem tae ken, I kenna hoo,
That I come frae the Nor-r-th, man!
They maun be clever, for ye ken
There 's nought tae tell the chiels, man:
I'm jist like a' the ither men
That hail frae Galashiels, man.

But oh! I'm fain tae see again
The bonny hills an' heather!
Twa days, and ne'er a drap o' rain—
Sic awfu, drouthy weather!
But eh! I doubt the Gala boys
Will laugh when hame I gang, man,
For oo! I'm awfu' feared my voice
Has ta'en the Lunnon twang, man!

THE GALLANT SCOTS.—As a party of very pretty girls approached the camp of the Royal Scottish at Wimbledon, the band struck up—"The Camp-belles are Coming!"

A PROMISING WITNESS!

Scots Counsel (*addressing an old woman in a case before Judge and Jury*). "Pray, my good woman, do you keep a diary?"

"Naw, sir, I kups a whusky shop!"

PRECAUTION

Donal'. "A'm sayin', Tam, what for dae ye tak' yir dram a' at a'e mouthfu'?"

Tam (*gravely*). "Eh, Donal', man, A ance had ma gless knockit ower!"

ALEXANDER AB ALEXANDRO.—("It is stated that a Scotsman, at Greenock, is to have the honour of contributing a considerable portion of the machinery for the Suez Canal works.") A Scotsman, of course. Who should understand the desert but Sandy?

A SCOTS AUNT WHO'S ALWAYS ON THE SOFA.—**Aunty-Macassar.**

DISGUISED IN TARTAN

Mossoo has been invited north for a few days' shooting. He arrives *tout à fait* —"*en Montagnard*"!

Charm of a Scots Smoking Concert.—The Pipes.

Succour for Scotsmen. — If a Scotsman were between Scylla and Charybdis, and puzzled as to which he should give the preference, would not his national instinct prompt him at once to take the *Siller?* and, when once he had got his hand fairly upon it, we do not think he would very quickly leave it again.

THIS IS THE PROTECTION A PLAID AFFORDS TO THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW THE WAY TO CARRY IT

REPUDIATION

Butcher (*rushing out*). "Hey—ess that yoer doag, mun?"
Donald. "Aweel—he wass mine ance, but he's aye daein' for hessel noo!!"

SCOTLAND YET

WHAT'S a' the steer? Why, man, ye see,
Kinghorn is on its mettle,
The connysoor o' ilka ee
Frae Anster tae Kingskettle.
We'll show the warl' a twa-three things
An' let it ken the morn, man,
What way we coronate oor kings
In loyal auld Kinghorn, man.

There'll be the Provost, robes an' a'—
'Twill be as guid's a play, sir:
I'm tell't he's boucht a dicky braw
In honour o' the day, sir.
Then, dressed in a' their Sabbath coats,
Wi' collars newly stairchit
An' stickin' up intil their throats,
The Bailies will be mairchit.

An' next the Toon Brass Band ye'll see,
In scarlet coats an' braid tae,
An' then the hale I.O.G.T.,
Forbye the Fire Brigade tae.
There'll be an awfu' crood, ye ken,
Sae, as we mairch alang, man,
We'll hae twa extry pólicemen
Tae clear awa' the thrang, man.

An' then at nicht—why, ilka ane
Has emptied oot his pockets,
An' mony a guid bawbee has gaen
In crackers, squibs an' rockets.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES

Old Scots Wife. "Losh me! There's a maun drenkin' oot o' twa boattles at ance!!"

[*The old gentleman was trying his new binocular, a Christmas present to his nephew.*

"A NARROW ESCAPE"

(FRAGMENT OVERHEARD THE OTHER DAY)

"Well, Lauchie, how are you?"

"Man, I'm wonderfu' weel, considerin'."

"Considerin'—what?"

"I did last nicht what I've no dune this thirty year. I gaed to bed *pairfutly sober*, and I'm thankfu' to say I got up this mornin' *no a bit the waur*."

Eh, but I'd tak' my aith on this—
The King 'll be gey sweer, man,
Tae bide at hame the morn an' miss
Oor collieshangie here, man.

Although I'm tell't in Lunnon tae
They've got a Coronation,
An' even Cockneys mean tae hae
Their wee bit celebration;
But eh! I doot yon show 'll be
Disjaskit an' forlorn, man,
Beside the bonny sichts ye'll see
In loyal auld Kinghorn, man.

SCRUPLES

English Tourist (*having arrived at Greenock on Sunday morning*). "My man, what's your charge for rowing me across the frith ?"

Boatman. "Weel, sir, I was jist thinkin' I canna break the Sawbath-day for no less than f'fteen shull'n's!!"

"WHOLESALE"

Scot (*to Fellow-Traveller on Northern Railway*). "May ah ausk what line ye're en?"

Our Artist (*who had undergone a wide cross-examination with complaisance*). "Well—I'm—I'm a painter."

Scot. "Man, that's lucky! Ah deal i' pents—an' ah can sall ye white leed faur cheaper than ye can buy 't at ony o' the shoaps."

Artist. "Oh, but I use very little. A pound or so serves me over a year."

Scot. "E——h, man! Ye maun be in a vera sma' way o' beezeness!!"

SONG OF A LONDON SCOT.

BAKER, baker, strike awa':
  Ye'll na gar me greet, mon.
Ken that I defy ye a';
  Though bread grow dear as meat, mon.
Aits are baith bread an' meat to me,
  Wha dinna keep my carriage.
Mysel, forbye the barley-bree,
  Can live richt weel on parritch.

THE CLYDE.—BEAUTIES OF SCOTTISH SCENERY AS SEEN BY OUR ARTIST.

TOO CANDID BY HALF

Visitor (to newly-married friend). "I was admiring your little carriage, Mrs. McLuckie, so——"

Mrs. McLuckie. "Oh, the brougham! Yes; you've no idea what a comfort I find it——"

Mr. McLuckie. "Oo aye! It's gey handy! We've jist jobbit the cab for the coorse weather!!"

CAUTION

Host. "Just another wee drap 'fore you go——"

Guest. "Na, na, I'll tak' nae mair! I'm in a new lodgin', and I'm no vera weel acquainted wi' the stair!!"

"AULD EDINBRO'!"

Saxon Traveller. "This is too bad, waiter! I told you we wanted to go by the 9.30 train, and here's breakfast not ready!"

Celtic Waiter. "A weel, sir, fac' is, the cook tak's a gless!"

SCOTLAND FOR EVER!—*Benjamin Barking Creek* (*thinking he is going to pull the mighty leg of MacTavish*). But you must allow that the national emblem of your country is the thistle.

The MacTavish. And for why? Because we grow it for ye Southrons to eat!

[*Exit B. B. C.*

"BENEATH THE LOWEST DEEP"

Swell. "Ah, Port-ar, is this twain — ah — composed entirely of second-class cawwiages?!"

Glasgow Porter. "Na, na, man, there's a wheen third-cless anes further forrit there!!"

At Redrufus Castle.—*The Duchess of Stony Cross* (*to Mrs. MacShoddy, who is returning a duty call*). The Duke has actually consented to be Mayor of Crankborough in succession to poor Mr. Slitt.

Mrs. MacShoddy. Well! that'll be very nice for you! You're *sure* to be invited to the Mansion House in London during the season!

A Scot on Sweet Sounds.—A' music whatever is o' Scottish origin an' derivation. It a' cam Sooth frae ayont the Tweed. A' music just resolves itsel' intil a meexture o' Tweed-ledum an' Tweedle-Dee—the Scottish Dee.

The oreeginal St. Cecilia was a Miss MacWhirter. She invented the Bagpipes.

Rejected Medical Advice (by a Scotsman).—"Try your native air."

In Scotland, it is not permitted even to whistle on the Sunday. My friend, Wagg, tells me, however, that "you *must* whistle for what you want." I remark this contradiction. But they are an obstinate race, the Scots.

(*Mrs. Golightly* (*fishing for a compliment*). "Ah! Mr. McJoseph, *beauty* is the most precious of all gifts for a *woman!* I'd sooner possess *beauty* than anything in the world!"

Mr. McJoseph (*under the impression that he is making himself very agreeable*). "I'm *sure*, Mrs. Golightly, that *any* regret you may possibly feel on *that* score must be amply compensated for by—er—the consciousness of your *moral worth*, you know,—and of your various *mental* accomplishments!"

Jink. "My dear MacFuddle, it's the very thing you want! Charming house—lovely spot! Cheap, too. But one great drawback. You can't get any water there!"
MacFuddle. "Oh, that doesn't matter!"

REFRESHMENT

Hospitable Good Templar (to Visitor—average Scotsman). "Well, now, what will you tak', Mac, after your walk—tea, or coffee, or pease-brose?" ‖ [*Comment is needless.*

THE EGREGIOUS ENGLISHMAN

[The Scottish Education Department, not satisfied with the pronunciation in vogue beyond the Tweed, has appointed a Liverpool gentleman to instruct the teachers of Scotland how to speak polite English.]

A PLAGUE on yon Depairtment, Jeames!
  It maun be aye appearin'
Wi' sic a host o' daft-like schemes,
  Forever interferin'.
'Tis past a joke when feckless fouk
  Awa' in Lunnon ettle
Wi' a' this fuss tae talk tae us,
  The Schule Board o' Kingskettle.

I'll tell ye hoo it comes tae pass—
  The facts are easy stated:
They tak' inspectors frae a class
  No richtly eddicated,
An' when the fules inspect oor schules,
  I'll swear upon my life, Jeames,
There's no a man can unnerstan'
  The classic tongue o' Fife, Jeames.

An' whaur's the cure? The thing tae dae
  Tae pit them on their mettle
Wad be tae raise inspectors tae
  The staundard o' Kingskettle;
But eh! I fear frae what I hear
  Thae fouk in Lunnon toun, Jeames,
Are bent the noo on findin' hoo
  To eddicate us doun, Jeames.

CONSCIENCE

U. P. Elder. "The meenister needna' 'been that haurd en hes discoorse. Theer plenty o' leears i' Peebles forbye me!"

For hae ye heard their latest plan ?
I canna weel believe it—
Deil tak' the impidence o' man
That ever daured conceive it !
They're sending doun a Southron loon
Frae far across the border
Tae lairn us hoo tae shape oor mou'
An' set oor tongue in order.

Noo hoo could ony man expec'
We'd thole thae Angliceesms
An' lairn a furrin' deealec'
O' crude proveencialeesms ?
Tae think a fule frae Liverpool
Should undertak' tae settle
The kind o' way we oucht tae say
Oor wordies in Kingskettle !

PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.—*The O'Hooligan* (*to the MacTavish*). Faix! but ye seem to be overlapping your quantum to-night, Laird. Has your grandfather jined to the Kensal Greeners ?

The MacTavish. That no, sir, but the morrow, gin that nae accident happen, I shall hae the luxury o' lunching wi' my bluid cousin, the ex-Baillie o' Whilknacraigie, a strict temperance mon, wha canna stand whusky. And so I'm *joost drinkin' up to his soda-water beforehand.*

"THE BAR-RD OF A-Y-VON!"

Member of the "Northern Shakspeare Society." "Man, yon Wully Shakspeare maun hae been a maist extr'o'dinary pairson! Theer-r thengs cam' entil his heid 'at wad never hae com' ento mine!—NEVER!"

Scottish Waitress. "There's a laddie doon the stair wa'antin' tae see 'ye——"

Mossoo. "A lady! Mon Dieu! Say her to give herself the pain to sit down while I arrange my toilet."

The "lady" in waiting.

PROMPT AND PRACTICAL

Reverend Stranger. "My good man, can you tell me the nearest way to the cathedral?"

Scottish Cabby. "Jist inside the cab here, sir."

A SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND

(Being an additional Chapter to "The Tour in the Hebrides")

"SIR," said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Princes Street."

Finding the great man in so excellent a humour, I seized upon the opportunity to put to him many interesting questions.

"Sir," said I, "pray what do you think of Edinburgh?"

"I think, sir," replied the Doctor, "that its name is most appropriate."

"Sir," I continued, in a fever of anticipation, "I shall be very much obliged to you if you will explain your meaning in greater detail."

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I am sorry that my meaning should require explanation. I say that the name Edinburgh is appropriate, because I find the city primitive and beautiful. Adam and Eve would, doubtless, have held it in high consideration had they had the advantage of its possession. In

"THE BILLS OF MORTALITY"

Kirk Elder (*after a look at his morning paper*). "Poor McStagger deid! Et's vera sad to thenk o' the great number o' destengweshed men that's lately been ta'en! 'Deed —I no feel vera weel—mysel!"

A MERE DETAIL

Friend of the Family. "Weel, Mrs. M'Glasgie, and how's your daughter doin', the one that was married a while ago?"

Mrs. M'Glasgie. "Oh, varra weel, thank ye, Mr. Brown, varra weel, indeed! She canna abide her man. But then, ye ken, there's aye a something!!"

A YOUNG HUMANITARIAN

"Oh, mamma, mamma, couldn't you interfere? There's a horrid man squeezing something under his arm, and he *is* hurting it so!"

short, sir, they would have called it the town of their Eden, or Edinburgh.

Mr. Boswell. A pun, sir!

"It was a pun, sir!" cried the Doctor, very angrily, and I hastened to change the subject.

"I am surprised to find, sir," said I, "that Her Majesty does not reside at Edinburgh. Do you not think, sir, that she might use her Scottish Palace at Christmas time?"

"No, sir, I do not think so," replied the Doctor, "and I can find no reason for your surprise."

"Indeed, sir!"

Dr. Johnson. Sir, were Her Most Gracious Majesty to dwell at Edinburgh at Christmas time, she would be put to great inconvenience. Her Most Gracious Majesty exhibits excellent sense in selecting Balmoral for her residence.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, I trust you do not call in question my loyalty to the House of Brunswick?

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I do not; I only question your wisdom.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, if I do not trouble you, will

CAPACITY!

First Traveller (*proffering his mull*). "Tak a pench?"
Second Traveller. "Na, 'm obleeged t'ye—ah dinna tak't."
First Traveller. "Man!—that's a pety!—ye've gr-r-raund accaummodation for't!"

you explain to me why Her Majesty should avoid Edinburgh at Christmas time?

Dr. Johnson. Why, sir, the very branches put up in honour of the festive season would treat her with disrespect!

Mr. Boswell. Indeed, sir!

Dr. Johnson. Sir, if Her Most Gracious Majesty visited Edinburgh at Christmas time, would she not find *Holly-rood?*

Mr. Boswell. Another pun, sir!

"It was another pun, sir!" cried the Doctor, very wrathfully, and I said no more.

The next day we visited Stirling. We walked up to the Castle, and admired the magnificent view we there obtained of the surrounding country. We next examined the ramparts.

"These old walls, sir," said I, "must weigh many thousand tons avoirdupois."

"Sir," replied the Doctor, "you should have said pounds *Stirling!*"

"Another pun, sir!" I exclaimed.

"It was another pun, sir!" roared the Doctor, and I thought it best to hold my peace.

The next morning found us at Perth. Here we

DE MORTUIS

Sympathetic Young Mother. "I wunner ye could be sae cruel as to kill that bonnie wee cauf!"

Practical Butcher. "Weel, ye see, ye'll no eat them leevin'!"

were received most hospitably by the gentry and the people. In the company of our host (a gentleman of the highest consideration in "The Fair City"), we ascended Kinnoul Hill, and greatly admired the splendid scenery.

"A very lovely spot, sir," I ventured to observe.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you are right. Sir, I have here found the people so kind-hearted, the city so handsome, and the scenery so magnificent, that I confess it would give me infinite satisfaction were I able to call the town in which I was born the place (as the Highlanders have it) of my *Perth!*

"A pun, sir!" exclaimed our excellent host, and I could not help noticing that he seemed greatly surprised.

The Doctor made no reply, but I could see by the working of his countenance that he was suffering pain.

We came to our journey's end at Wick.

"What do you think of this place, sir," I asked.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I think that the title of "The Modern Athens" should be conferred upon Wick rather than upon Edinburgh.

Mr. Boswell. Indeed, sir! May I ask why?

Q. E. D.

Professor McPhairrson. "No, Mrs. Brown, it's not that we Scots are dull; but you English see a joke in *anything!* Why, the other day I was in a room with four Englishmen, one of whom told a story, and, would you believe it, I was the only man that didn't laugh!"

Dr. Johnson. Why, sir? Sir, you must be very dull. I say, sir, that Wick should be called "The Modern Athens."

Mr. Boswell. I confess, sir, that I am dull, and yet I cannot perceive why Wick should be called "The Modern Athens" rather than Edinburgh.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you indeed must be dull if you do not associate Wick with the centre of *Greece!*

I was silent for a few minutes, and then I ventured to make a remark.

"Sir," said I, "you once expressed a very strong opinion about pun-makers. Sir, you asserted your belief that a man who would make a pun would be capable of picking a pocket."

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I believe so still.

Mr. Boswell. And yet, sir, during the course of our tour, you have made a large number of puns.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you have good grounds for what you assert. I admit, sir, with a feeling of sorrow, that I have made many puns during our tour.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, may I venture to ask you why you have made so many puns?

"DIRECTIONS"

Scottish Village Practitioner (*to Northern Farmer*). "Eff the Lunnon doacter"—(*his patient had been south to consult a great specialist*)—"'ll no allow ye whusky, an' ye can tak' nowt but reed wine, theer just twa 'll dae ye ony guid—an' ye'll mind o' them, for they're baith monoseelawbic!—po-or-r-t an' clair-r-t!!"

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the puns you have noticed are symptoms of a painful disease, known to men of letters as 'the Silly Fever.' I attribute the commencement of this melancholy malady to the depressing effects of a Scottish climate upon a Londoner in September!"

THE BEST SCOTTISH JOKE WE EVER HEARD.—A clever Scotsman being told that Demosthenes was in the habit of making speeches at the sea-side with small stones in his mouth, exclaimed, "Hoot, mon! then he must ha' been the first Member for *Peebles*." (*Loud cries of "Apology," which not being given, the Reader proceeds to groan.*)

THE TARTAN EPIDEMIC.—*The MacTavish* (*very angrily, to the new Boots at the "Rising Sun."*—Where, by St. Andrew! have ye planted my braw new kilt that I put oot, for to be decently brushed! Green, red, black and white plaid.

Boots (*after search*).—I beg pardon, sir, but the chambermaid mistook it for the skirt of the young lady in No. 13. *But you've got her gown!*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOLIDAYS

Fussy Body (in search of a seat). "A' fu' here?"
Voice from the depths. "'We ar'na fou, we're no sae fou,
But jist a drappie in oor e'e——'"

A WILLING MARTYR

Scottish Carrier. "Eh, bit that's strong whusky! Bit U'll no spile the taste wi' water. U'll rather thole't!"

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Tam. "Sae ye've gotten back, Sanders?"
Sanders. "'Deed, aye. I've just gotten back."
Jamie. "An' hoo did 'e like London?"
Sanders. "Od, it's an ootlandish place yon! They tell't me they couldna unnerstaun ma awccent!"
John. "Awccent! I never heard tell that Fife folk had *ony* awccent!"

"THE HIELAND BEAUTY"

Mickle did I love my Jeanie,
Syn' she wa' a peekle weanie,[1]
Kittlin'[2] owre the flattit greenie,
A' sae winsom',
A' sae hinsom',
Dainty skirrock[3] Jeanie.

How I coodled[4] in her eekit,
Dooning[5] wha' nae booties creekit
Till her twa bright een they leekit,
A' sae hinsom',
A' sae winsom',
Watting sair her cheekit.

Says she, "Let lassies fash their streeps
Wi' drummie stick an' paudy peeps,
Gie me my Tam wi' squeezy-greeps,"[6]
A' sae winsom',
A' sae hinsom',
"Ane whiskey-toddy on fowre leeps."[7]

Wull ye be my ain, my lassie?
Pibroch-peeps wi' jug and glassie;
Pladdie, too, wi' ribbon sassie,[8]
A' sae hinsom',
A' sae winsom',
All I gie, but hae nae brassie.

SAWBATH RECREATION

Gentleman from N. B. (*he had sent his Presbyterian butler to a service at Westminster Abbey*). "Well, Dugald, what did you think of it?"

Dugald. "Aweel, sir, it was mair like heev'n than airth; but e—h, sir, it's just an awfu' way o' spennin' the Sawbath, yon!!"

Says she, "Sin ye've nae brassie-jingle,
All the rest is sandie-shingle;
Sae wi' ye I winna mingle,"
A' sae hinsom',
A' sae winsom',
"Steppit,[9] Tam, I'll stoppit[10] single."

Noo I seep ma whiskey-toddy,
Takin' speerits wi' nae boddy:
Sup for ane's nae sup for twoddy,[11]
A' sae winsom',
A' sae hinsom',
Carls, gude night, I'll niddy-noddy.[12]

1. A little pickle. 2. Sporting like a kitten. 3. The Lowland language has no equivalent for this word, which in itself is so peculiarly expressive. 4. Whispers soft things. 5. Sitting. 6. Arm round my waist. 7. Four lips. 8. Jaunty. 9. Go away. 10. Remain. 11. Hieland proverb signifying that enough for one is *not* sufficient for two. 12. Sleep.

THE IRISHMAN IN SCOTLAND.—Sorr, there is a river that requires milk an' sugar before ye'd dhrink a dhrop of it? What is it? Sure 'tis the river *Tay*.

A CONUNDRUM MADE BY A LITTLE BOY ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD.—Why is an umbrella like a Scottish shower?—Because the moment it rains it's *missed*.

SCENE—*A Scottish Estate. The New Heir has run down to see the property.*

The Heir. "I sha'n't be able to come and settle here just yet, McTavish, as I'm ordered out to South Africa, but——"

McTavish (*his Factor—with feeling*). "A'm sorry,—A'm varra sorry to hear that"—(*the Heir is rather touched*)—"because ye'll understan', if onything was to happen to ye, A doot the estate couldna stan' two succession duties so close."

KINGHORN AN' LUNNON

(A Comparison)

The sichts we've seen! The punds my wife
  Has spent instead o' bankit!
But eh! we're back in bonny Fife,
  Sae let the Lord be thankit!
An' Lunnon? Weel, ye ken, it's gay
  An' busy, nicht an' morn, man,
An' there's a pickle fouk—but eh!
  It's no—it's no Kinghorn, man.

Ye'll wanner on, an' on, an' on,
  Through miles an' miles o' men, man,
An' yet in a' the crood like yon
  There's de'il a face ye'll ken, man.
Na! Lunnon's oot the warl', ye see,
  For look ye, I'll be sworn, man,
Sic unco things could never be
  In ceevilised Kinghorn, man.

The shops? Ou, aye, there's shops indeed,
  But faith, they're rale unhaundy:
Ane keeps yer butter, ane yer breid,
  An' yet a third yer braundy.
Noo here, gin ye be wantin' oucht,
  Boots, butcher's meat or corn, man,
Shag, bonnets, breeks, they'll a' be boucht
  Thegither in Kinghorn, man.

"USED TO IT!"

Officer at firing-point (*who thinks that it's raining*). "Sergeant Mauchline, hadn't you better wear your great coat till it's your turn to fire?"

Sergeant Mauchline (*frae the "Land of Lorne"*). "Hoo! No the noo! I'll pit it on when it comes wat!"

The fashions? Weel, ye ken, we saw
A wheen o' giddy hussies
Paradin' in their duddies braw
Upon the cars an' 'busses.
But dinna think owre much o' yon,
For sure as I am born, man,
For style, it's no a patch upon
Our floo'er show at Kinghorn, man.

An' then sic ignorance! Losh me,
I'm feared ye'll no can doot it,
But nane kent whaur Kinghorn micht be,
Nor onything aboot it.
Tis awfu'! Yet 'twad seem to ca'
For peety mair than scorn, man,
For mind ye, 'tisna gi'en to a'
To live aboot Kinghorn, man.

City Friend (*visiting in Scottish rural town*). And tell me, Andrew, are you wi' the Wee Kirkers, or the United Frees?

Andrew. Man, I'm gi'en' up releegion a'thegither, an j'inin' the Auld Kirk.

THE Scotsman who tumbled off a bicycle says that in future he intends to "let wheel alone."

MY ONLY "CROSSED CHECKS."—My own Shepherd's-plaid Trousers.

QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY

English Angler, having discovered there are two sorts of whisky at the inn (best at 6d., second best at 3d.), orders a glass each of the sixpenny.

Gillie (in a whisper to the maid as she passes). "Make mine twa o' the threepenny!"

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Irate Landlord (*and Free-Kirk Elder, after being called in, for the fiftieth time, about some repairs*). "The fact is, Mrs. McRacket, ye'll ne'er be content till ye're i' the hoose made wi'out hands."—(*Severely.*)—"See Second Corinthians, fifth chapter, and firrst vairse, Mrs. McRacket!"

"DEPRESSION"

Tourist (*tipping the old gravedigger, who had shown him over the Cathedral*). "I suppose, now so many visitors are in the town, you'll be doing well?"

Gravedigger. "Ou aye, there's a wheen fowk gaun aboot, but"—(*gloomily*)—"there's terr'ble little deein' in the diggin' waye!"

A SKETCH IN SCOTLAND

SINCE the immortal meeting of the Brick Lane Temperance Society, at which the Messrs. Weller and the Reverend the Shepherd attended (after refection elsewhere), and the latter, in response to the Chairman's fat smile and invitation to address the meeting, declined, on the ground that the meeting was drunk, we have seen nothing so good as this, which we take from the *Dundee Courier*:—

"On Sunday last, the minister of a large congregation in Dundee was interrupted in the course of his forenoon sermon by the repeated coughing of his auditors. Pausing in the midst of his observations, he addressed his congregation to the following effect:—'You go about the streets at the New Year time—you get drunk, and get cold, then you come here and cough, cough like a park of artillery. I think I must give you a vacation of six weeks, that you may have time to get sober, and to regain your health again.'"

This lenitive application did good, for the congregation sat quiet, and coughed no more than they would have dared to do had they been in presence of the Queen, or any other great person, instead of being in a mere church. But one

"MOST UNFORTUNATE!"

Bailie McScrew (*to Smith, on a short visit to the North*). "An' what are ye daen' to-morrow nicht, Mester Smeth?"

Smith. "To-morrow? Oh, nothing particular."

Bailie. "An' the next nicht?"

Smith. "Ah! on Friday I'm to dine with the Browns——"

Bailie. "Man, that's a petty! Aw was gaun t' ask ye to tak' yer denner wi' us o' Friday!!"

IN VINO MEMORIA

Major Portsoken (*a pretty constant guest*). "I say, Buchanan, this isn't—(*another sip*)—the same champagne ——!"

Scots Butler. "Na, that's a' dune! There was thrutty dizzen; and ye've had yere share o't, major!!"

TITLES TO DISTINCTION

Passenger (*from the South, waking up*). "Pray, sir, what station is this?"

Native. "Thes es Paisley, sir!—Paisley! Celebrated toon, sir!—Berrth-place o' th' poat Tannahul, sir! And—'hem?—ah'm a Paisley man mysel', sir! Ah was born i' Paisley—ah was——"

[*Luckily the train had now run into the station, and stopped.*

A PRACTICAL VIEW

First Parishioner (*to recently-appointed Minister*). "Verra gled to fall in wi' ye, sir, an' mak' yer acqua'ntance! I hinna been at the kirk syne ye cam', as I wis in Ross-shire."

Parson. "Well, I am very pleased to meet you. You may have heard whether my serm——"

Parishioner. "Oh, a' the fowk are greatly taken wi' yer menners an' appearance, yer attention to the puir bodies o' the parish, yer visitin' the sick, an'——wha cares for preachin'!"

seat-holder, though he held his seat, could not hold his tongue, and declared that the congregation was insulted. We suspect that the minister knew best. In fact, had the incident occurred anywhere but in Scotland, where every man is proverbially sober, we should have been sure that the minister knew best. Hurrah, for the toddy of Bonnie Dundee!

COMMERCIAL INSTINCT

Dugald. "Did ye hear that Sawney McNab was ta'en up for stealin' a coo?"

Donald. "Hoot, toot, the stipit bodie! Could he no bocht it an' no paid for't?"

SPORTIVE SONGS

(An enamoured Southron endeavours to address a Highland Damsel in her own tongue)

Yon sky is bonny blue, fair lass,
  But you boast bluer een;
Yon sun is bricht the noo, fair lass,
  Your locks hae brichter sheen;
The fowl ahint the windy scaur
  Flees to its hame awa',
But, oh! my heart is fleeter far
  Whene'er I hear you ca'.

The cushat seeks the hazel broch
  Therein his mate to woo,
But I hie to the mountain loch
  To lilt my lays o' lo'e.
For here it was I speered you first
  In a' your pride o' race,
You set my ardent soul athirst
  When I gazed on your face!

I sat me down beside that cairn,
  And looked, a feckless loon,
On you, the great MacMuckle's bairn,
  Wi' ne'er a pair o' shoon!
Wi' winsome feet sae white as milk
  You paddlit i' the faem,
Your snoodless locks, sae soft as silk,
  Whished roun' your gouden kaem!

NOT TO BE MADE A FOOL OF

Farmer. "Noo, if it's a fair question, hoo much wull ye get for thae kye when ye've feenished them?"

Artist. "Oh, perhaps sixty guineas, or so."

Farmer. "Wha-a-t! Dinna tell me, man; A'l no get that for them leevin'."

I looked and looked, and marvelled sair
If human you might be;
You laughed to see the wonder-stare
That came frae oot my ee.
And then you broke the eerie spell,
And oh! your voice was douce!
Like water trickling frae a shell,
What time the ebb runs loose!

An' noo I maun my heart declare!
(Would you could hear its beat.)
I've lands, and siller, too, to spare,
An' sic a hamestead sweet!
I ken you are MacMuckle's chiel,
His only dearest ane,
But tell him that I lo'e you weel,
And canna bide alane!

At Bonnie Blinkie Castle.—*Mr. Lysander B. Chunks, of Chicago* (*who has rented the property of the Duke of B. B.*). I see this mansion described in the guide-books as "palatial." Why, it isn't in it with the Mastodon Hotel, Milwaukee!

English Guest. Then why didn't you hire the hotel?

Macbeth to Bad Mock Turtle.—"Unreal mockery, hence!"

INCORRIGIBLE!

Mrs. M'Finnan (*very genteel, and speaks pure Edinburgh English*). "My dear, you've got pigeon-pie there, I think."

Mr. M'Finnan (*an Aberdonian, and not particular*). "A——ye. Fa-a's for doo tair-rt? I'm for neen mysel'!"

A FRIENDLY WARNING

First Tramp. "I wadna advise ye tae gang up there!"
Second Tramp. "What wye? Is there a muckle doug?"
First Tramp. "No; but there's a danger o' wark!"

"AGAINST THE GRAIN"

Widow Woman (to Chemist, who was weighing a grain of calomel in dispensing a prescription for her sick child). "Man, ye needna' be sae scrimpy wi't—'tis for a puir fatherless bairn!"

SOBER SCOTS

["A 'Sober Scot Society' has been formed in Edinburgh. Its members bind themselves not to drink liquor before noon."—*Daily Paper.*]

Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
Tammas cam' a-findin' faut,
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
"What's this poison ye wad pree?
Put awa' the barley-bree!
Be a Sober Scot like me!"
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!

Willie gied a fearsome froun,
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
Looked as he wad knock him doun
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
"Shober? Dinna gie me sic
Inshults! Gin I'm speakin' thick
Lemme gang tae Jerich—hic!"
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!

Tam turned up a yellow ee,
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
"Man, ye're fou as fou can be;"
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
"Weel, an', laddie, gin I am,
Div ye think I care a—— Tam!
I am nae teetotal lamb!"
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!

STERN PULPIT-CRITICS

First Scot. "Fat sort o' minister hae ye gotten, Geordie?"
Second Ditto. "Oh, weel, he's no muckle worth. We seldom get a glint o' him. Sax days o' th' week he's envees'ble, and on the seventh he's encomprehens'ble!!"

"GOOD INTENTIONS"

Scot (on Waterloo Bridge). "Hech! To think I save a bawbee every time I cross this bonny brig! I'll just pit it in the plate the next time I gang t' the kirk!"

CATECHISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Free Kirk Elder (*preparatory to presenting a tract*). "My friend, do you know the chief end of man?"

Piper (*innocently*). "Na, I dinna mind the chune! Can ye no whustle it?"!!

"Haud yer havers! Wha's T. T.?
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
What! A Sober Scot like me?
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
I, my lad, like ither men,
Lo'e a drappie noo and then;
I am free at noon, ye ken."
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!

Hoo it cam' let wise men tell,
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
While they cracked the clock struck twal',
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't!
Will filled up a glass an', faith,
Tammas took it, naethin' laith,
Noo they're fou an' canty baith,
Ha, ha, the brewin' o't.

Companion Sign to the "Welsh Harp."—The "Scots Fiddle."

Wut at Wimbledon.—A Scots volunteer, one of the knot of critics round the firing-point where the line-prizes were being shot for, on asking, with some contempt in his voice, "Whaur thae lads come frae?" and being told "Aldershot," was heard to mutter, complacently. "Hech, sirs! Aulder shots sud be better shots I'm thinkin'!"

"THE OLD ADAM."—*The Minister* (*coming on them unawares*). "E-e-h! Sandy McDougal! Ah'm sorry to see this! And you too, Wully! Fishin' o' the Sawbath! Ah thoucht ah'd enstellet better prenciples——" (*A Rise.*) "E-e-eh! Wully, man!—ye hae'm!—it's entil'm! Haud up yer r-rod, man—or ye'll lose 'm—tak' car-r-re!——"

[*Recollects himself, and walks off.*

A NEW "ADDRESS TO THE DEIL"

(*A long way after Robbie Burns*)

Oh, thou! whatever name, great Sir,
Prince Lucio, or plain Lucifer,
As up-to-date, thou may'st prefer,—
They're nane great catches,
Whether derived frae classic or
Frae brimstone matches!—

Hear me, great Alias, for a wee!
The leddies winna let thee be.
Ye'd think sma' pleasure it could gie,
E'en to she-novelist,
To drag thee frae the obscuritee
Wherein thou grovellest.

But leddies wi' an eye to fame,
Take leeberties wi' thy dread name,
Thy wanderings frae thy woefu' hame,
Lang fixed afar;
Painting thee neither black, nor lame,
As auld fients are.

True, Wullie Shakspeare ance did say
Thou wert "a gentleman." But to-day
The leddies limn thee masher gay,
Modish and maudlin',
Weel-groomed, about the public way
Daundering and dawdlin'.

A WARNING TO LAWSONITES

First Scots Boatman. "Weel, Geordie, hoo got ye on the day?"

Second Ditto (drouthy, he had been out with a Free Kirk Minister, a strict abstainer). "Nae ava. The auld carle had nae whusky, sae I took him whaur there was nae fush!"

DRIVING A BARGAIN

Economical Drover. "A teeck't tae Faa'kirk."
Polite Clerk. "Five-and-ninepence, please."
Drover. "Ah'll gie ye five shillings!"
Clerk (astonished). "Eh!"
Drover. "Weel, ah'll gie ye five-an'-thrippence, an' deil a bawbee mair! Is't a bargain?!"

UNCOMPROMISING

The Doctor's Daughter. "I declare you're a dreadful fanatic, Mrs. McCizzom. I do believe you think nobody will be saved but you and your minister!"

Old Lady. "Aweel, my dear, ah whiles hae ma doobts aboot the meenister!"

The Prince of Darkness as a dude,
Callow and cantin', crass and crude,
Compound of prater, prig, male-prude,
And minor poet,
Is—weel, I wadna' here intrude
The word—ye know it!

Milton and Goethe whyles might summon
Thine image forth, a graund, grim, glum 'un;
But 'tis beyond the scribblin' woman
Wi' truth to paint ye.
She'll mak' ye a reedeeculous rum 'un,
Unsex, half saint ye!

Thrasonic Bobadil the bard,
Wha deems Parnassus his backyard,
Tried to invoke thy presence—hard;
As did great "Festus."
But somehow their attempts, ill-starred,
Scarce eenterest us.

They havena' the true grit and grup
In mighty shape to raise *ye* up.
They wha'd on *genuine* horrors sup,
And scare a body,
Are not inspired by raw pork-chop,
An' whusky-toddy.

But oh! a leddy-novelist's Deil
Wad scarcely gar a bairnie squeel!
Like Hotspur's "sarcenet oath," we feel
It hath nae terror.
Is lathen dagger ta'en for steel
A greater error?

QUOI?

First Artist (*six months in Paris*). "Yes, this is the best thing I've done."

Second Artist (*just arrived*). "Mon, dinna let that discoorage ye!"

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY"

Liberal Scots Farmer giving his workpeople a dram). "Awm sorry, Mrs. McDougal, ye canna tak a gless on account of your temperance principles!"
Mrs. McDougal. "Hoot, man! Ye jist poor't on ma bap,* an' I'll eat it!"

* "*Bap*," a roll.

Emily the Elder. "I can't think why William wanted to take Archie out rabbit-shooting in such horrid weather."—(*Cousin Archie, who is evidently smitten in this quarter, waves an adieu with his bonnet.*)—"A regular Scotch mist, I declare!"

Maria the Younger. "Yes, dear, and"—(*mischievously*)—"somebody doesn't like missing a Scotsman!!"

[*Emily goes in with a toss of her head, and plays "Tullochgorum" furiously on the piano.*

Sorrows o' Satan! Aye, good lack!
'Tis bad to paint ye owre black;
But thus whitewash ye! Oh! quack! quack!
His truest "sorrow"
Satan from the she-scribbler's knack
Must surely borrow.

Weel, fare-ye-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!
Ye've borne some wrangs at hands o' men,
But frae the writing-woman's pen,
She-poet-prophet,
Gude luck deliver ye—and then
Ye'll no dread Tophet!

At a West-end Club.—*Hospitable Southerner* (*to Scottish guest*). Have another go of whisky?

Scottish Guest (*with a sigh*). I thank ye. No.

Hospitable Southerner (*astonished*). What! Why surely it's not a case of "the wee drappie i' the ee"?

Scottish Guest. Nae, mon, it's no that; it's the wee drappee i' the glass.

[*H. S. takes hint and orders a tumbler of whisky.*

A Real Scottish Joke.—What's the next wine to golden sherry? Sillery. (*Siller*—eh?)

PLEASANT!

SCENE—*A bleak Scottish moor.* TIME—*New Year's Day. Train gradually stops.*

Excited Passenger. "Now, then, guard, what *are* you stopping here for?"

Philosophical Guard. "Fact is, the watter's gane aff the bile. Hooever, it's jist possible th' express behin'll be late."

MacAlister. "When ye come tae Scotland I'll gie ye plenty fushin' and shuitin'."

Brown. "Are you fond of fishing and shooting?"

MacAlister. "Na! na! A canna fush and am faird tae shuit!"

THE RULING PASSION

Little Girl. "Wull ye gie's ha'pennies for this thripenny, for ma granny's feared it's no a gude ane?"

THE DECAY OF THE KILT

Mr. Briggs loquitur:

I AM going down to Scotland, to the country of the kilt,
For a little salmon-stalking in a place they call Glen Tilt;
And as I always like to be a Roman when at Rome,
I've purchased the correct costume and it has just come home.

The kilt is most becoming, and it hangs with grace and ease,
Though perhaps a little draughty in the region of the knees,
And if there should be midges—but no doubt the Scotch are drest
In the clothes Experience has found to suit the climate best.

The dirk that dangles from my waist looks very *comme il faut*,
And the sporran in my stocking gives a finish, don't you know?
The girls are all in raptures as they gaze at me in turns,
And mother says they'll take me for another Robert Burns.

Sandy loquitur:

Oh, mony are the fallacies that Ignorance 'll breed,
An' mony the mistakes a man 'll get intil his heid,
But the maddest o' delusions mad wi' which some folks are fillt,
Is that ye suld gang tae Scotland, gin ye want to see the kilt

For a' the year I hevna seen a single kilt but ane—
A wee bit white-legged Coackney wha' was trudgin' through the rain;

First Lady. "Losh, but the doctor was gran' the day!"
Second Lady. "H'm! D'ye think he is as clever as he used tae be?"
First Lady (*astonished*). "Clever!—he's faur cleverer, but we dinna un'erstan' him noo!"

The water it was pourin' owre his knees intil his shoes,
An' eh! but he was wishin' for a pair o' honest trews.

Na! gin it's kilts ye're wantin', dinna win sae mony miles!
Jist bide at home in Lunnon toun and gang tae Seven Dials,
An' there amang the coasters, hurdy-gurdies, dancin' bears,
Ye 'll fin' yer bogus Scotsmen pipin' bogus Scottish airs.

"In Vino Veritas." — Sandie Mac Sawnie respondeth: "Truth in wine, indeed! Hoot, mon, there's nae sic a thing. Just skake up that auld port, and ye'll find there's muckle *lees* in it!"

At the Board-School Lecture. — *Professor McCrobe.* And now, where do you suppose germs are originated?

Oversmart Lad (*promptly*). In Germany, sir!

[*Laughter, cheers and—tears.*

After a Trip to London. — *Archie.* Weel, Sandy, an' hoo did ye pass the time in Lunnon?

Sandy. Richt brawly, mon. An' forbye, when I'd clappit a stove pipe on my head and put on a frockit coat, 'deed, Archie, if there was a Southron but didna' take me for a Cockney born and bred!

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

Scots Lady (*who has taken a house in the Highlands, her servants suddenly giving "warning"*). "What's the reason of this? Have you not all you want?—good rooms, and good fresh air and food, and easy work?"

Spokeswoman. "Yes, mem—but—but there's no a decent laad within cry o' us!"

A SCOTS BALL-ROOM BALLAD

(*By The MacPry*)

Why sit ye on the stair, ladie,
Why sit ye on the stair?
It's merry dancing in the hall,
And partners still are there.

Ye arena in a cosy neuk,
But in the lamp's full glare;
No gentle whisperin' words are spoke—
Why sit ye on the stair?

The runkled carle that's by your side
No tale of luve can tell;
He fain wad win ye for his bride
By talkin' o' himsel'.

Your voice is clear, your laugh is cheer,
But oh, your eyes are sad;
You answer what the gaffer says,
You're lookin' for the lad.

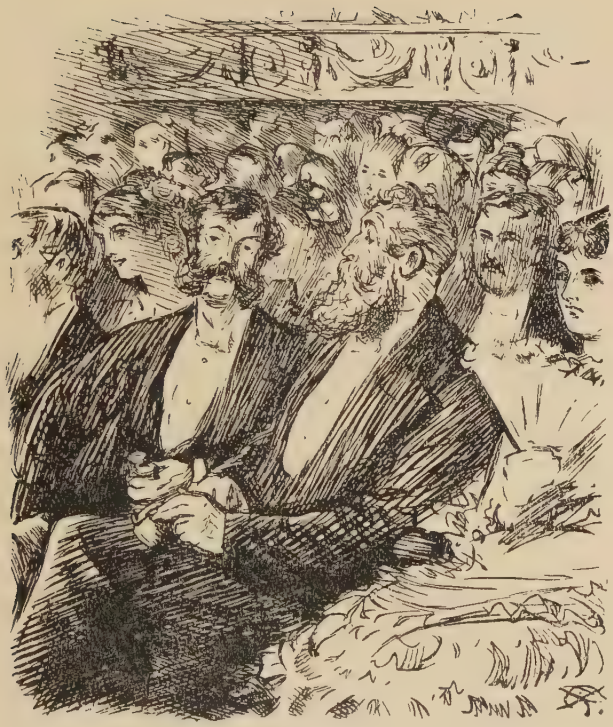
(They winna stint their prattlin' talk—
Oh, but her eyes are sad!—
'Tis vain to cherche the fammy here,
I'll gang and speer the lad.)

Why prop ye up the wa', laddie,
Why prop ye up the wa'?
Your lissom shoes are stickit oot,
Ye'll gar the dancers fa'.

Mariner. "Yo hoy, Bill, stand by! We'll find a 'bacco shop alongside. Here's the Scotsman!"

"IS IT GREEK?"

Foreigner. "'Say, mun, rax me owre the pourrie."
Southerner. "I'm sorry—Je ne parle no French."
Foreigner. "O, I beg ye're paurdon—han' me the cream-jug. [*No—it is Scotch.*



EXPENSIVE!

Londoner (*to Friend from the North*). "Well, how do you like the opera, MacAlister?"

Mr. MacAlister. "No that bad. But is't no dreadfu', man, to be sittin' in thae chairs at ten shullins apiece!"

Or feckless couples tearin' past,
  Wi' elbows at an angle,
Will pin ye to the wainscoat fast
  As wild boar in a jungle.

The floor's as smooth as summer grass,
  Sma' feet, like crickets, caper,
And whirlin' kirtles, as they pass,
  Sair waste the swealing taper.

The lassies' gowns are creased and rent;
  The lads are oot o' knowledge;
They are as hot wi' twirlin' roon
  As blacksmith frae the village.

The fiddles pour their love-sick pray'rs,
  The flutie-man is whis'lin',
Just like when ancient madam scares
  A thrummock-touzle hisslin'.

There's young folks movin' like a fair,
  There's auld folks quaffin' sherry.
An' you sae weary, fu' o' care,
  When all the world is merry?

Gin ye maun feed your dowie grudge,
  At least fill up your programme,
And come victorious from the crush
  Like Bonaparte from Wagram.

Nay, dinna off the lassie score;
  Her heart sings, "Waly, waly!"
She's talkin' with that awfu' bore,
  The Laird o' Lanthorn Jawley.

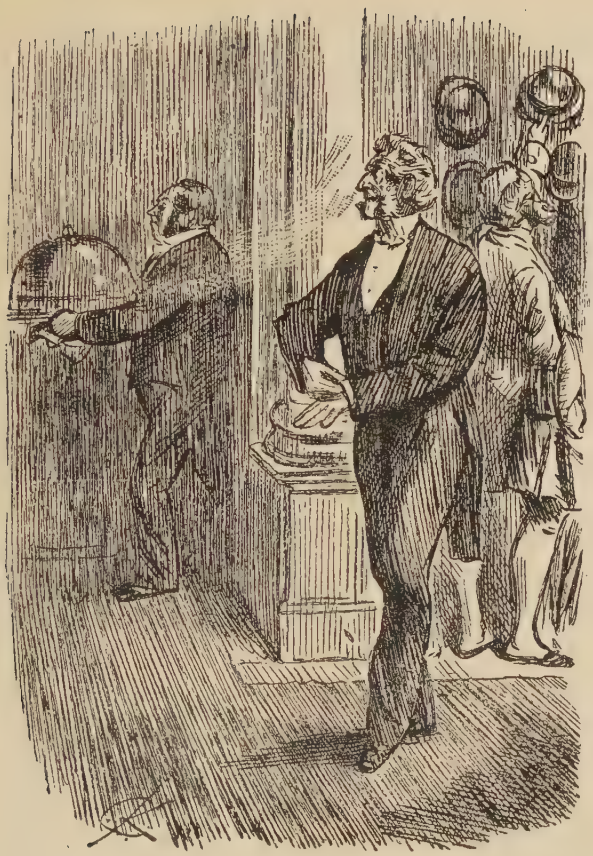
"LIVE AND LET LIVE"

Village Doctor (to the Grave-Digger, who is given to whisky). "Ah, John! I'm sorry to see you in this pitiable condition again!"

Grave-Digger. "Toots, sir! can ye no' let a'e little fau't o' mine gae by? It's mony a muckle ane o' yours I ha'e happit owre, an' said naething aboot!"

"SCOTCH MIST"

"The rain seems to be clearing off at last, Sandy."
"Ay, I doot it's *threatenin' to be dry!*"



PROPHETIC!

Guest (late for dinner, the delicious odour of the Haggis, just coming up, met him in the hall).—"A——h!" *(On second thoughts.)* "E——h! I'll be bad the morn!!"

Quit, quit, for shame! This winna do.
Rouse up and play the man, sir!
For they should dance who have the chance,
And they should sup who can, sir.

Ah, see, she smiles! Could any word
More eloquently call ye?
Now go and soothe your bonnie burd,
And banish Lanthorn Jawley.

So prop nae mair the wa', laddie,
So prop nae mair the wa'——
(Ye dinna ken that on your coat
Yon candle-droppin's fa'?)

Following their Noses.—We read a report of whales running ashore on the Orkney coast last week. They were of the bottle-nose kind, and probably followed their noses, tempted by the free flow of "het-pint," a very tempting new year's tipple, largely indulged in north of the Tweed.

Question. Why may Scotsmen be supposed to like policemen?

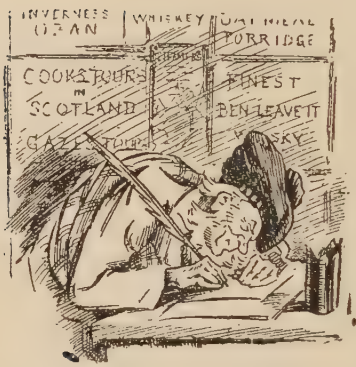
Answer. Eh, sirs, it's just because they're vera fond of the *Bawbees.*

PRETTY DRY

Young Beginner (*fishing with dry fly*). "Am I keeping my fly properly dry, Duncan?"

Scots Keeper. "Oh, I'm thenkin' she'll be dry enough. She's stickin up in that big willow near by where ye started fushin'."

THE POINT OF VIEW



Loch Scrimpy
Hotel, N.B.

DEAR MAISTER PUNCH, — I've heerd often enough aboot ye as a kind sort o' buddy, whae putts the warld richt, *when it has gaun wrang*, and I'm thinking to write tae ye, a screed about thae feckless critters, the South'ren tourists whae ower-run Auld Scotland at this time o' the year with their *coo-ponds* and their *excursion tuckets*, thinking to tak their pleesures on the cheap. Noo, the hotels in this country are famed for their vera moderate charges. I mysel have had a real good breakfast (they ca' it *dijohnny* now) for no more than *five shullings*—that's cheap enough. And as for a bed ! weel, no one can find faut with half of

Guard (*to excited passenger at the Edinburgh Station, just as the train is starting*). "Ye're too late, sir. Ye canna enter." *Stalwart Aberdonian.* "I maun!" *Guard* (*holding him back*). "Ye canna.'" *Aberdonian.* "Tell ye I maun—I weel!" (*Gripping Guard.*) "If I maunna, ye sanna!!!"

a sovereign? And yet thae tourists are aye complainin'. Hotel folk in Scotland should have fixed charges throughout. I, *for yin*, will make free to say that I will cheerfully pay them, *when I find it necessary*, one pound ten shullin's for bed and breakfast and maybe half-a-croon for a good glass of the cratur, as a settler afterwards. If the hotel folk would all agree to some moderate charge like that, they could think aboot Culloden with eequanimity!

Yours most friend-like,

ALEXANDER MACWHUSTLE.

HOMAGE TO THE SCOTS RIFLES

BY A SPITEFUL COMPETITOR

IT seems that the Scots
Turn out much better shots
At long distance, than most of the Englishmen are:
But this we all knew
That a Scotsman could do—
Make a small piece of metal go awfully far.

AT BILKINS'S ROYAL HOTEL (LIMITED), LONDON.

Mac (*hungry*). "Lo-or-sh keep's! Ca' this a br'akfast!!"

AT THE ROB ROY INN, PEEBLES, UNLIMITED!

THE PRINCIPAL REASON WHY MAC STAYED SUCH A SHORT TIME IN LONDON.

CANNY

"Why I dinna prayfair tae smoke, hech? Weel, noo loddie, I'll joost tell ye. While's ye're smoking, ye blaw an' blaw, an' *whauv is't?* But gin ye tak a guid pench, losh! mon, ye ken *et's there!*"

A WEIGHTY REASON

Rab. "They're tellin' me that Tam Stirdy's turned oot a great poet since he gaed tae London."

Allan. "Poet! Hoo could Tam Stirdy be a poet? Man, he was at the schule wi' *me!*"

UNSPEAKABLE SCOTS

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnnie Groats—
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes:
Behold his labours—
A volume padded weel wi' "quotes"
Aboot his neighbours.

And wha should ken sae weel as he
What a' oor fauts and failin's be?
Has he no seen wi' his ain ee
Auld Reekie's lums?
Drumtochty's kent as weel's E.C.
And sae is Thrums.

Ou aye, there's noucht he disna ken
O' Scottish life and Scottish men.
Wi' lugs attentive let us then
List to his railin's,
And humbly set oorsels to men'
Oor mony failin's.

The Scot, says he, is dull and dour,
Aye jealous, greedy, jaundiced, sour,
A drucken, coarse, ill-mannered boor,
Wherein one traces
Nae sign o' Crosland's mental pow'r
And courtly graces.

"SATISFACTORY"

Mistress. "Well, Jessie, I'm going into Nairn, and will see your mother. Can I give her any message from you?"

Jessie (*her first "place"*). "Ou, mem, ye can just say I'm unco weel pleased wi' ye!!"

We arena gleg, we Scottish folk:
We canna catch the witty stroke
That will a Surrey Ha' provoke,
To lauchter shakin',
Nay, whiles we canna see a joke
O' Crosland's makin'.

We swear, we lo'e the barley bree,
We thieve—but, eh, sirs! how should we
Be quit o' thae black vices he
Sae criticises,
When a' the virtues Mr. C.
Monopolises?

THE DAY AND THE DEED.—A certain Scottish Presbytery were sorely dumbfounded by an answer to a request of theirs for signature to a Sabbatarian petition. The reply (translated to them of course) was *Laborare est orare.*

Guard (*to inebriated traveller, at junction*). Now, sir, all change, please.

Traveller (*with dignity*). D'ye ken, mon, that I've got a return ticket?

"ICHABOD!"

Scots Wife (to her gossip). "Ah dinna ken what's come ower the Kirk. Ah canna bide to see oor menester spankin' aboot on yon cyclopædy!"

A BALLAD OF EDINBORO' TOON

The lusty sun did glower aboon,
  Wi' welcome in his cheerfu' rays;
I walked in Edinboro' toon,
    A' in ma caller claes.

For I had donned ma coat o' cheiks
  That cost me guineas twa an' three.
But and ma pair o' ditto breeks
    That luiked sae pleasantlie.

On ilka breek were creasies twa;
  And they did hang sae fine, sae fine,
Frae John o' Groats to Gallowa'
    Were nane sae fair as mine.

An' first I honoured Geordie Street,
  An' syne I walked the Princes ane,
To gie to ilka lass a treat
    An' a' the laddies pain.

An' mony a laddie's hert was sair;
  An' mony a lassie's een, ay, mony,
Uplicht wi' joy to see a pair
    Sae canny an' sae bonny.

I hadna walked an hour at maist,
  I hadna honoured half the toon,
The air grew drumlie lik' a ghaist,
    An' syne the rain cam' doon.

INTANGIBILITY

Severe Scots Schoolmistress (visiting some English friends). "Sir Joshua Reynolds, is it? Ah! vera pretty! And cherubs do vera weel in a picture; but I dinna care for bairnies *whose feelings I can't appeal to!*"

An' first the dust it gently laid,
  An' syne it cam' in cats an' doggies,
That loosed the cobble-stanes and played
    Auld Hornie wi' ma toggies.

O waly for ma coat o' cheicks
  That cost me guineas twa and three!
An' waly for ma ditto breeks
    Sae bagsome at the knee!

The creasies twa are past reca'
  That gard them hang sae fine, sae fine,
Frae John o' Groats to Gallowa'
    Are nane sae puir as mine!

O fause, inhospitable toon,
  I rede thee, gin I come again,
Ma claes sall be o' reich-ma-doon,
    An' deil tak' your rain!

TO EDINBURGH *

IN EXPIATION

Thou dear and gracious town, where I
  Have sojourned for a fleeting spell,
The hour has come that bids me fly;
  Edina, fare thee well!

Right heavy am I that we must part,
  For lo, I know not where or when
I've met so—down, poor fluttering heart!—
  And more agreeable men.

* A postcript to "A Ballad of Edinboro' Toon."

Follower (*at the tail of the procession*). "E—h, d'ye see yon wee Tam M'Gowkie the-r-re! He maun be i' th' front, ye ken, whatever's gaun on!"

His Companion. "I' the front! Aye, mun"—(*viciously*)—"he'd be i' the hea-arse if he could!"

Forgive me that I spake in haste
  Winged words that I would fain forget;
Thy welcome seemed in doubtful taste,
  And I was very wet!

But rather hold his memory dear,
  Whose sunny presence brought thee forth
The finest weather of the year,
  And warmed the watery North.

Now onward speeds the busy train,
  O hospitable town and kind,
Farewell! Until I come again,
  I leave my heart behind.

GIVE every man his due, and his Mountain Dew if he claims it.

Model. "Fine day, sir."

Painter (aghast). "Fine—good heavens, man! Where's your beard? What have you done to your face?"

Model. "Me, sir? Naethin, but just made my whiskers a wee thing decent wi' the shears."

Painter. "Then you're an utterly ruined man, sir! and I'm very sorry for you. You're not worth twopence. Good morning."

THRUMS ON THE AULD STRING

("MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.")

By J. Muir Kirrie, *Author of "A Door on Thumbs," "Eight Bald Fiddlers," "When a Man Sees Double," "My Gentleman Meerschaum," &c.*

[With this story came a glossary of Scots expressions. We have referred to it as we went along, and found everything quite intelligible. As, however, we have no room to publish the glossary, we can only appeal to the indulgence of our readers. The story itself was written in a very clear, legible hand, and was enclosed in a wrapper labelled, "Arcadia Mixture. Strength and Aroma combined. Sold in Six-shilling cases. Special terms for Southrons. Liberal allowance for returned empties."]

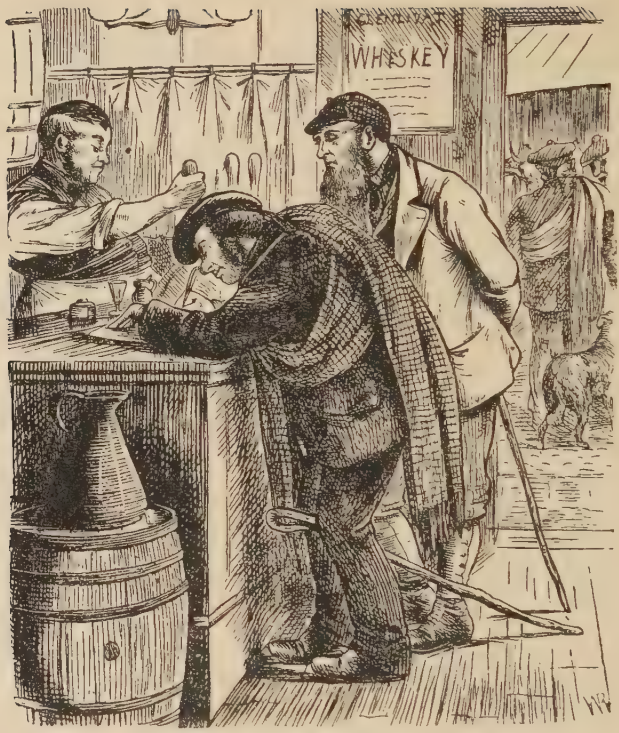
Chapter I.

We were all sitting on the pig-sty at T'nowhead's Farm. A pig-sty is not, perhaps, a strictly eligible seat, but there were special reasons, of which you shall hear something later, for sitting on this particular pig-sty.

The old sow was within, extended at full length. Occasionally she grunted approval of what was said, but, beyond that, she seemed to show but a

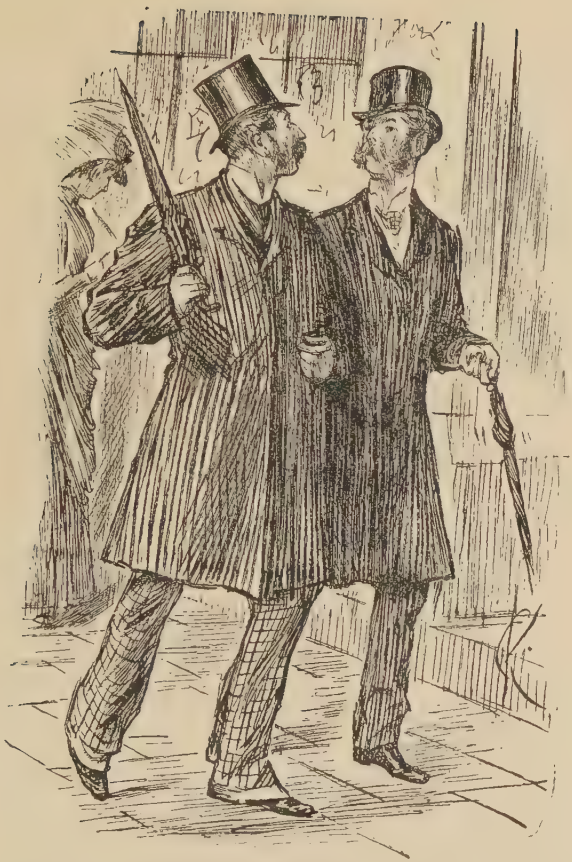
THE UNCO' GUID

Scrupulous Waiter. "A what? A sangwitch! Na, na! I'll gie ye breed an' cheese, an' as much whusky as ye can drink; but, tae mak' sangwidges on the Saubberth day!"——



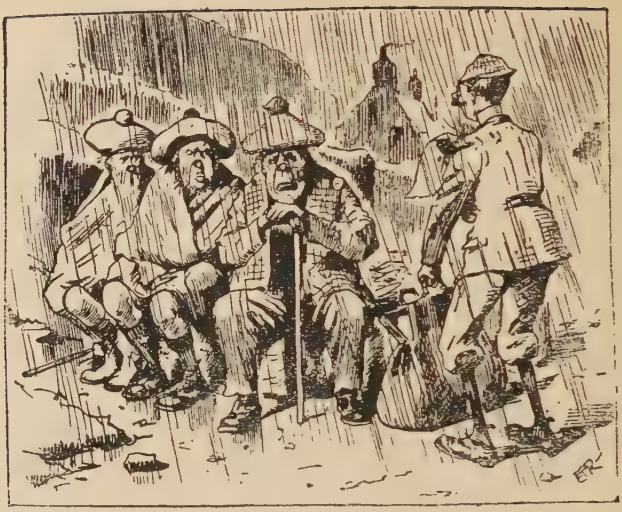
SKETCHED AT ISLINGTON

Purchaser. "K-a-t-l is no the way to spell 'cattle.'"
Drover (*writing the receipt*). "Naebody could spell wi' this pen. There's been owre mony drucken bodies usin' it!"



Southerner (*in Glasgow, to Friend*). "By the way, do you know McScrew?"

Northerner. "Ken McScrew? Oo' fine! A graund man, McScrew! Keeps the Sawbath,—an' everything else he can lay his hands on!"



"SITTING ON THE PIG-STY AT T'NOWHEAD'S FARM."

faint interest in the proceedings. She had been a witness of similar gatherings for some years, and, to tell the truth, they had begun to bore her, but, on the whole, I am not prepared to deny that her appreciation was an intelligent one. Behind us was the brae. Ah, that brae! Do you remember how the child you once were sat in the brae, spinning the peerie, and hunkering at I-dree I-dree I droppit-it? Do you remember that? Do you even know what I mean? Life is like that. When we are children the bread is thick, and the butter

First Aberdonian (*from the road*). "Fat's the man-nie deein'?"
Second Ditto (*who has got over the wall to inspect*). "He's draain' wi' paint."
First Boy. "Fat's he draain? Is't bonny?"
Second Ditto (*after a pause, critically*). "O, na, it's onything but bonny!!"

is thin; as we grow to be lads and lassies, the bread dwindles, and the butter increases; but the old men and women who totter about the commonty, how shall they munch when their teeth are gone? That's the question. I'm a Dominie. What!—no answer? Go to the bottom of the class, all of you.

Chapter II.

As I said, we were all on the pig-sty. Of the *habitués* I scarcely need to speak to you, since you must know their names, even if you fail to pronounce them. But there was a stranger amongst us, a stranger who, it was said, had come from London. Yesterday when I went ben the house I found him sitting with Jess; to-day, he, too, was sitting with us on the pig-sty. There were tales told about him, that he wrote for papers in London, and stuffed his vases and his pillows with money, but Tammas Haggart only shook his head at what he called "such auld fowks' yeppins," and evidently didn't believe a single word. Now Tammas, you must know, was our humorist. It was not without difficulty that Tammas had

NORTH AND SOUTH (DIFFERENCES OF DIALECT).

The "Macwhuskey." "Weel, my braw wee English laddie! Here have I come a' the way to London to veesit y'r guid feyther and mither, that brought ye with 'em to see me in Thrumnitrochit last year—where ye rode a cockhorse on my knee! D'ye *mind* me, noo?"

The Braw Wee English Laddie. "Oh no—*I* don't mind you—not a bit. It's *papa and mamma!*"

GOSSIPS

First Gael (*just come ashore from the Herrin' Fushin'*) "Hoo's a' wi' you, Donal'? Hae ye ony news yonder?"

Second Gael. "Na, I hear naething,—oo, aye,—they were sayin' Mac Callum Mohr's son's goin' to get marri't!"

First Gael. "Ay! ay! An' wha's he goin' to get marri't on?"

Second Gael. "Ye ken the Queen—e-ch?"

First Gael. "Ay—I ken the Queen."

Second Gael. "A—weel, it's on her young dochter he's goin' to get marri't."

First Gael. "E—ch! Dod! the Queen mun be the *prood woman!!!*"

attained to this position, and he was resolved to keep it. Possibly he scented in the stranger a rival humorist whom he would have to crush. At any rate, his greeting was not marked with the usual genial cordiality characteristic of Scots weavers, and many were the anxious looks

REAL DARING

M'Phusky (*Scots Partner*). "Any war news this morning, Brown?"

Brown (*English ditto*). "Well, freights are low, money seems to be tight, and consols have fallen two——"

M'Phusky. "Na, but war news, I mean."

Brown (*risking the operation*). "Well, you wouldn't wish to hear *waur* news than that, would you?"

PRACTICAL

Fond Father. "I see ye've put my son intil graummer an' jography. Noo, as I neither mean him tae be a minister or a sea-captain, it's o' nae use. Gie him a plain bizness eddication."

SABBATH-BREAKING

Scots Cook. "Whisht! There's master whustlin' o' the Saubath! Losh save us! an' 'Maggie Lauder,' too!"

exchanged amongst us, as we watched the preparations for the impending conflict.

Chapter III.

After Tammas had finished boring half-a-dozen holes in the old sow with his sarcastic eye, he looked up, and addressed Hendry McQumpha.

"Hendry," he said, "ye ken I'm a humorist, div ye no?"

Hendry scratched the old sow meditatively, before he answered.

"Ou ay," he said, at length. "I'm no saying 'at ye're no a humorist. I ken fine ye're a sarcesticist, but there's other humorists in the world, am thinkin'."

This was scarcely what Tammas had expected. Hendry was usually one of his most devoted admirers. There was an awkward silence, which made me feel uncomfortable. I am only a poor Dominie, but some of my happiest hours had been passed on the pig-sty. Were these merry meetings to come to an end? Pete took up the talking.

"Hendry, my man," he observed, as he helped

A VESTED INTEREST

Bystander (*to excited Scot, whose friend had been run over*). "Not a near relative, I hope, sir."

Scot. "Na—but—he has on a pair of ma breeks!"

himself out of Tammas's snuff-mull, "ye're ower kyow-owy. Ye ken humour's a thing 'at spouts out o' its ain accord, an' there's no nae spouter in Thrums 'at can match wi' Tammas."

He looked defiantly at Hendry, who was engaged in searching for coppers in his north-east-by-east-trouser pocket. T'nowhead said nothing, and Hookey was similarly occupied. At last, the stranger spoke.

"Gentlemen," he began, "may I say a word? I may lay claim to some experience in the matter. I travel in humour, and generally manage to do a large business."

He looked round interrogatively. Tammas eyed him with one of his keen glances. Then he worked his mouth round and round to clear the course for a sarcasm.

"So you're the puir crittur," said the stone-breaker, "'at's meanin' to be a humorist."

This was the challenge. We all knew what it meant, and fixed our eyes on the stranger.

"Certainly," was his answer; "that is exactly my meaning. I trust I make myself plain. I'm willing to meet any man at catch-weights. Now

A TARTAR

Dr. M'Currie (a chilly old soul), having ascertained from his landlady that coals are sixpence a scuttle, politely insists on providing a scuttle of his own, and begs to return, with many thanks, the charmingly tasteful article she had intended for his use.

SOLILOQUY

"If I hold on, I'll lose my train; if I let go, I'll fa'! Did ever onybody hear tell o' sic a predicament?"

"THE GARB OF OLD GAUL"

Native (*to visitor from the South*). "Ah, you've donned the kilt! Quite killing, I declare! But why do you wear the Macdonald tartan when your name is Thompson?"

Little T. (*who has been getting a good deal of chaff*). "F'r a very good reason—'cause I've paid for it!"

[*Retires in a huff.*

here," he continued, "are some of my samples. This story about a house-boat, for instance, has been much appreciated. It's almost in the style of Mr. Jerome's masterpiece; or this screamer about my wife's tobacco-pipe and the smoking mixture. Observe," he went on, holding the sample near to his mouth, "I can expand it to any extent. Puff, puff! Ah! it has burst. No matter, these accidents sometimes happen to the best regulated humorists. Now, just look at these," he produced half-a-dozen packets rapidly from his bundle. "Here we have a packet of sarcasm—equal to dynamite. I left it on the steps of the Savile Club, but it missed fire somehow. Then here are some particularly neat things in cheques. I use them myself to paper my bedroom. It's simpler and easier than cashing them, and besides," adjusting his mouth to his sleeve, and laughing, "it's quite killing when you come to think of it in that way. Lastly, there's this banking-account sample, thoroughly suitable for journalists and children. You see how it's done. I open it, you draw on it. Oh, you don't want a drawing-master, any fellow can do it, and the point is it

Sandy McPherson, in a moment of abstraction, put half-a-crown in the collection plate last Sunday in mistake for a penny, and has since expended a deal of thought as to the best way of making up for it. "Noo I might stay awa' frae the kirk till the sum was made up; but on the ither han' I wad be payin' pew rent a' the time an' gettin' nae guid o' 't. Losh! but I'm thinkin' this is what the meenister ca's a 'releegious defficulty!'"

never varies. Now," he concluded, aggressively, "what have you got to set against that, my friend?"

We all looked at Tammas. Hendry kicked the pail towards him, and he put his foot on it. Thus we knew that Hendry had returned to his ancient allegiance, and that the stranger would be crushed. Then Tammas began——

"Man, man, there's no nae doubt 'at ye lauch at havers, an' there's mony 'at lauchs at your clipper-clapper, but they're no Thrums fowk, and they canna' lauch richt. But we maun juist settle this matter. When we're ta'en up wi' the makkin' o' humour, we're a' dependent on other fowk to tak' note o' the humour. There's no nane o' us 'at's lauched at anything you've telt us. But they'll lauch at me. Noo then," he roared out, "'A pie sat on a pear-tree.'"

We all knew this song of Tammas's. A shout of laughter went up from the whole gathering. The stranger fell backwards into the sty a senseless mass.

"Man, man," said Hookey to Tammas, as we walked home; "what a crittur ye are! What pit that in your heed?"

"THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH" (OR SCOTCH)

Minister. "Weel, John, an hoo did ye like ma son's discoorse?"

John. "Weel, meenister, ah maun admeet he's vera soond, but, oh man! he's no deep! His pronoonciation's no vera gweed; but ah 've nae doobt he'll impruv'!"

"It juist took a grip o' me," replied Tammas, without moving a muscle; "it flashed upon me 'at he'd no stand that auld song. That's where the humour o' it comes in."

"Ou, ay," added Hendry, "Thrums is the place for rale humour." On the whole, I agree with him.

SUNG BY A SCOT IN THE CITY

AIR—"*Ye banks and braes.*"

YE banks and mines a' ganging doon,
How sma' the sum ye fetch per share!
How flat ye've got, ye railway lines,
And a' the Change sae fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou civic crash,
That made my paper fit to burn,
Thou mind'st me o' departed cash,
Departed never to return!

Oft hae I purchased shares gane doon,
When panic bade a' stocks decline,
And waited for them to improve,
When muckle profit aye was mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I stored the gain
Fu' safe in the Per-Centies Three;
Aweel, when Trust resumes his reign,
The rise may mak' amends to me!

DIPLOMACY

First Boatman (*sotto voce*). "That's only the weeds he's caught."

Second Boatman. "Haud yer tongue, ye muckle sumph! It's a glass of whusky we'll be gettin' if the body thinks he's lost a fush!"

Country Gentleman (*who thought he'd got such a treasure of a new gardener*). "Tut, tut, tut! Bless my soul, Saunders! How——what's all this? Disgracefully intoxicated at this hour of the morning! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?!"

Saunders. "'Sh-hamed! (*Hic.*) Na, na, 'm nae sae drunk as that comes t'! Ah ken varra weel what a'm aboot!!"

"SHOUTHER TO SHOUTHER!"

Obstinate Juryman (*Licensed Victualler*). "What! Gie a vardict agyen Mr. McLushy? Not if aw sit here a' nicht! Aw'll see ye a' starved first! He's one o' the finest gen'lemen i' the toon, an' comes to ma billiard-table every nicht, and a' nichts whiles!"

RIGS AWA'

FROM THE LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL

HAGGIS broo is bla' and braw,
Kittle kail is a' awa';
Gin a lassie kens fu' weel,
Ilka pawkie rattlin' reel.
Hey the laddie! Oh the pladdie!
Hey the sonsie Finnie haddie!
Hoot awa'!

Gang awa' wi' philibegs,
Maut's nae missed frae tappit kegs;
Sound the spleuchan o' the stanes,
Post the pibroch i' the lanes!
Hey the swankie, scrievin' shaver!
Ho the canny clishmaclaver!
Hoot awa'!

Paritch glowry i' the ee,
Mutchkin for a wee drappee;
Feckfu' is the barley-bree—
Unco' gude! Ah! wae is me!
Hey the tousie Tullochgorum!
Ho the mixtie-maxtie jorum!
Hoot awa'!

[We have received a note from the Lazy One, saying that he is staying in the North of Scotland with the Maclather of Maclather. He says, if we were to hear the retainers sing "*Rigs Awa'*"—of which he encloses a copy—during dinner,

VERY HARD LINES

"Well, Kirsty, how's business?"

"Middlin', mem, jist middlin'. Some days we dae naething ava, an' ithers we dae twice as muckle."

accompanying themselves on the national instruments, sporans and claymores, we should never forget it. We don't suppose we ever should.——On second thoughts, we do not believe he has been out of town at all, but that someone has sent him a guinea Christmas hamper. "*Rigs Awa'*," indeed! We'll give him a recht gude willie waght in his ee when we catch him.—Ed.]

Tammas (to Friend, who has joined the teetotal). "There's nae doot, Jeems, ye're a much improved man,—but I've lost a freend!"

THRIFT!

Mabel (who has just concluded a bargain for a fowl). "Then I'll tell mother you'll kill it and send it up to-night."

Mrs. Macfarlane. "Na, na, I'll no kill it till the morn. I'm thinkin' it's goin' to lay an egg this evenin'!"

AN IRREVERENT SAXON

"My card, mon? I hanna got one! But I'd hae you to ken that I'm a *Mackintosh!*"

"You may be a *Humbereller* for all I knows, but my fare's heighteenpence!"

REASSURING!

Old Gent (*suddenly turning corner in narrow lane*). "Oh! —I say!—Is he?—Will he?"—(*backing into hedge.*)—"Can he?"——

Peasant. "Don't take no notice of 'im, sir! I've got a wee bit check on 'im if he runs!!"

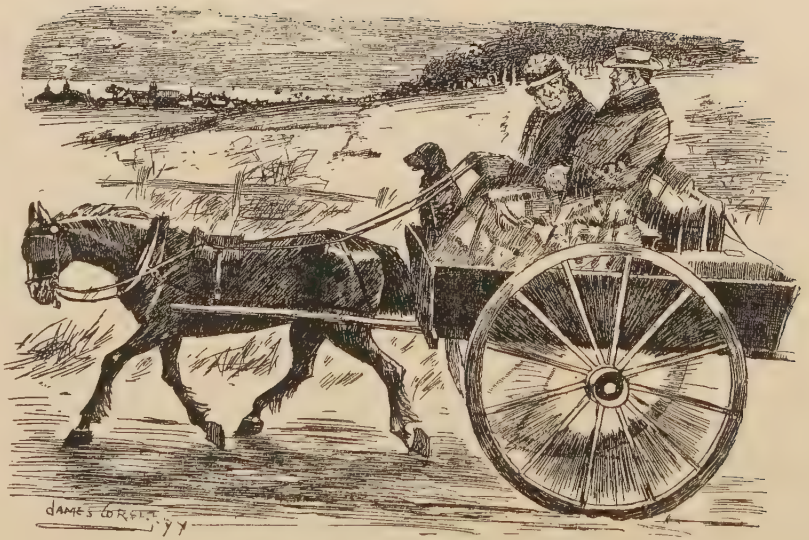
"THE VERNACULAR"

Old Gentleman, frae Aberdeen (at the Exhibition). "I say, Joack, look up the cat'logk an see fa that is wi' the 'Brechum' [horse-collar] on!"

A NARCOTIC

Doctor. "Look here, Mrs. McCawdle. Don't give him any more physic. A sound sleep will do him more good than anything."

Gudewife. "E-h, docthor, if we could only get him tae the kirk!!"



"AGE CANNOT WITHER, NOR CUSTOM STALE!"

Returned Native (*to country carrier, who has given him a lift*). "We don't seem to be covering the ground so fast as we did twelve years ago."

Carrier. Ye're wrang there, Mr Broon, for it's the same bit beastie!"

AWARE OF THE CRISIS

Sairgeant Mucklewham (*more in sorrow than anger*). "Halt! O Man Nummer Three, I wunner tae sae ye! Hoo can ye think Foreign Powers can ever respect ye, if ye wull persist in steppin' three inches less than the regelation!"

PUT TO THE ROUT

Distracted Bandster. "Komm avay—komm avay—ee zhall nod give you nodingsh—ee vill blay de moozeek erselbst! Teufel!" [*They retreat hastily.*

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION

Dissipated Tradesman (*to the expostulations of the minister*). "Ye're aye crackin' at me about my drinkin', sir, but you don't consider my drooth ! !"

"PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY"

English Angler (on this side of the Tweed). "Hi, Donald! come over and help me to land him—a 20-pounder I'll swear——"

Highlander (on the other). "It wull tak' ye a lang time to lan' that fush too, d'ye ken, sir, whatever!—Ye hae heuket the kingdom o' auld Scotland!"

Northern Gamekeeper. "Will ye gie me some oil to my guns this morning, cook?"

Cook. "If ye wunt oil frae me, 'keeper,' ye'll need to mind. Ma name's no cook—ma name's Misthress Macphairson!"

Gamekeeper (with a sniff). "Weel, gin ye're no to be 'cook,' I'm nae to be 'keeper'! Ye'll be as gude as gie me 'Maisther Forr-biss'!!"

VACCINATION RE-NAMED

The New Doctor. "Well, Mac, how is the little girl's arm going on?"
Mac. "Weel, sir, my gudewife says it's looking just fine whaur ye tattoo'd it."

"WHAT IN THE CAPTAIN'S BUT A CHOLERIC WORD"

The Laird (to his Gardener, who had caught somebody trespassing). "Hum! And you say, Saunders, that the fellow was impudent?"

Gardener. "'Impident!' 'Deed, sir, if he had been the Laird himsell he could na hae been mair ill-bred!"

MacNab (*whose wife has met with a slight accident on the railway, to Railway Agent, who has called to offer condolence, and produces one or two pounds by way of solatium*). "Na, na, if she dees it will likely be twa or three hunders!"

A MODERN ATHENIAN

Southern Tourist (*in Edinburgh*). "Can you direct me to the Royal Institution?"

Native. (*Vacant Stare.*) "What est?"

Tourist (*giving a Clue*). "Pictures, you know—Statues—and——"

Native (*after much thought*). "Oo!—et's the Stukky Feggars ye mean!"—(*Pointing.*)—"Yon's et!"

A POSER

Fair Client. "I'm always photographed from the same side, but I forget which!"

Scots Photographer (*reflectively*). "Well, it'll no be *this* side, I'm thinkin'. Maybe it's t'ither!"

A NICE DISTINCTION

Porter. "Train's awa, man. Ye should hae ran faster."
Passenger. "Ran faster! Dod, I ran fast eneugh, but I should hae startit sooner."

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS

Perplexed Old Lady (at Scottish Junction in a fog). "Ah hae ma bundle—an' ah hae ma teeck't—but fa's the Dee-side Rel-ro'd!!"

Excited Scotsman (*who has just hooked a fish*). "I'm dashed feared I'll loose my half-crown flee!"

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK." SCENE—*District Court in a Colony*

Scots Judge (with a very marked pug-nose). "Weel, noo, sir, if ye gae along the ro'd in question, where'll ye gang tae?"

Scots Witness (deliberately). "That a' depends, yer honour, on how far ye gae!"

Judge (snappishly). "Ye understan' vera weel, sir. If ye follow yer nose, mun, where'll ye gang till?"

Witness (after a pause). "Ah've always heer-ed it said, yer honour, that if ye follow yer nose too far, it'll tak' ye t' the moon!"

Judge. "Step doon, sir!"—(*In an angry aside*).—"The mon's a fool!"

Traveller (*to Colonial Squatter*). "Hullo, McDonald! I didn't expect this of you! All your men working on a Sunday!"

Mac. "This is nae Sunday, mun!—it's Wednesday——"

Traveller. "Not a bit of it! This is Sunday, I assure you——"

Mac. "Aweel! Think o' that, noo! We hinna seen a sowl for three months, an' there's nae an almanack i' the hoose, an' we've gotten jummelt up a' th'gether!!"

Malcolm (to the Colonel, who had been narrating his fishing adventures all over the globe). "Ye must ha'e had gran' sport among the black men, sir! Hed they ony releegion?"—*Colonel.* "All kinds, Malcolm. Some worshipped idols, some the sun, some the moon, some the water——"

Malcolm. "The watter!" (*Musing.*) "Aweel, sir, I couldna' bring mysel' to care for that!"

Keeper (to the two Tourists, who find canoeing more difficult on the Highland rivers than on the Thames). "Hi! Hoy! Hoy! D'ye no ken this is the McChizzlem's private watter!?"

MAGNIFYING HIS CALLING

Peter. "Na, laddie, this is ane o' thae things a body can never learn. There's no nae use in a man takin' tae *this* job unless he has a naiteral born aptitude for'd l"

GOING TO EXTREMES

He of the ruffled temper. "As sure's ma name's Tammas Paterson, I'll hae the law o' ye, though it should cost me hauf-a-croon!"

CARBINE PRACTICE

Sandy McGuttle and a friend of his marking in butt. Officer in charge of squad at the shooting-range wonders why the deuce they don't signal that last shot. He has also grave doubts about the number of bulls'-eyes already recorded.

STAUNCH

Old Lady (*who had been buying eggs*). "'Deed, Mr. McTreacle, butchers' meat's sae dear now-a-days ah'm no able to buy't!"

Grocer. "You should turn a vegetarian——"

Old Lady. "A veegetarian!—Na, na! ah was born an' brocht up i' the Free Kirk, an' a'm no gaun ta change ma releegion i' m' auld days!"

Officer of Militia. "Well, sir, who are you? and what's the matter?"
Excited Citizen. "Me? I'm the bailie—the heid bailie, mon! I catched this wee laddie feshin' on the Sawbath day! Says he's a Caath'lic—a Rooman Caath'lic!! E-h, it's just dreadfu' to think o'—feshin' in a Protestant loch!! And o' the Sawbath! Lord save us!"

RESIGNATION

He (*Third-Class*). "Come awa'! D'ye no see that's a first-class?"
She (*ditto*). "Aweel, on a busy day like this, we maun just put up wi' *ony accommodation we can get!*"

DESECRATION.

English Angler (*on Saturday evening*). "Anybody ever fish up here on a Sunday, m'um?"

Scots Landlady (*in consternation*). "Hech, mon! ye'd be jail't!!"

"PREHISTORIC SCOTLAND" DE-PICT-ED

(Not by Dr. Robert Munro.)

END

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